Boughton, Norfolk

A Warning-peice for Jngroosers of Corne;

BEING

A true Relation how the *Divell* met with one Goodman *Inglebred* of *Bowton*, within ſix miles of *Helgay* in *Norfolk*; as he was comming from *Linn* Market, and Bargain'd for a great quantity of Barly for eight ſhillings a Buſhell and gave earneſt; and when he came to fetch it, brought Carts and Horſes (to their thinking) and while 'twas meaſuring the *Divell* vaniſhed, and tore the Barne in pieces, and ſcattered all the Corne with ſuch Windes and Tempeſt, which hath done ſuch great harme both by Sea and Land, the like was never heard of before; the Farmer now lying diſtracted.

Sent in a Letter to be Printed, by *Chriſtopher Emmerſon*, *George Dixon*, & *Richard Higgins*.

To the Tune of, *In Summer time*, &c.

GOod People all pray lend an eare
to this my Song, that's ſtrange and true,
Wherein I briefly ſhall Declare,
the full Relation here to you.

If any Miſers you do know,
that hoards up Corne, to ſtarve ye Poore,
If that theſe Lines you to them ſhow.
'twill make them ſure bring out their Store

In Norfolk did this chance befall,
at Bowton where this Man did dwell,
And Goodman Inglebred they do him call,
who had great ſtore of Corne to ſell.

But be as many thouſands more,
without any remorſe or pitty,
Was fully reſolv'd to keep his Store,
to bring a Dearth in Town and City.

He being at Market on a day,
at Linn a place that's known full well:
And Riding home upon the way,
He had a Cuſtomer from Hell.

The Devill did him over take,
in Habbit being very brave,
Who did a bargaine with him make,
and Halfe-a-crowne in earneſt gave.

The price was very great they made,
and Barly that muſt be the Graine,
Eight ſhillings a Buſhell muſt be paid,
being well contented with ſuch gaine.

And thus the Devill and he agréed,
likewiſe the time to fetch the ſame:
The Miſer hy'd him home with ſpéed,
for to provide againſt he came.

When he came home he was full glad,
and to his Wife he did unfold
What bargin, and what price he had,
likewiſe what quantity he ſold.

With that his Wife made this reply,
as by his Servants it was told,
None but the Divell would give ſo high
a price (quoth ſhe) as you have ſold.

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The ſecond Part, to ſame the Tune.

TO Threſhing ſtraight he ſet his Man,
to make it ready againſt the day.
And the Divell was as ready then,
againſt the time to fetch't away.

The day being come, the Divell brought
his Furniture, to take theſe ſtores,
With Horſe & Carts, as to their thought,
the Man he ſtraight threw'opr ỳ doores.

To meaſuring ſtraight his Barly out,
this Man began with all his ſpeed;
With that the Divell made a Rout,
and of his Bargain ſoone was freed.

The Divel vaniſh'd ſtraight away,
ſuch Storms and Winds, were heard be-
No People thereabouts durſt ſtay; (fore
the Barns in peeces all he tore

His Barns and Corne it all was ſpoil'd,
and all the Country round likewiſe,
Had all their Houſes then Untyl'd,
ſuch Winds they were ſaw from ỳ Skyes.

This Farmer fell diſtracted ſtraight,
he cannot take no Reſt nor Sleep.
And crees the Divell doth for him waight,
his Bargaine he muſt with him keep.

All you that hoard, and buy up Corne,
and keepe it up, to make it deare,.
Although you long have been forborne,
there's Rods in piſs for you I beare.

Your Villainy now is brought about,
and p'ſent deare you will ere long,
Your Stores you will be made to ring out,
you ſhall not doe the Poore ſuch wrong.

The Lord I hope will heare the cryes,
of thouſands which are in diſtreſſe.
Of gallant Hearts, that daily lyes
ſtill hoping, yet have no redreſſe.

The Lord preſerve our King, and bleſſe
him from the treacherous hands of thoſe,
That are his Enemies, yet profeſſe
they love Him yet prove ſecret Foes.

The Queen God ſend her ſafe to land,
and all the Progeny preſerve;
Likewiſe for thoſe that faithfull ſtand
and from him yet did never ſwerve.

My prayers ſhall daily be for thoſe,
with many thouſands more beſide.
But ſuch I take his cheifeſt Foes,
that's given to Covetouſneſs & Pride.

For you that deals in Corne and Graine,
to whom theſe Lines in chief belong,
Beware of ſuch unlawfull gain,
where none but Poore doth bear ỳ wrong.

So to Conclude and make an end,
for Peace and Plenty, let us pray,
That God may ſtand ỳ poore-mans freind,
for ỳ Poore are now the rich-mans pray.

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